

Harke, harke wot yee what

à 3

from "A Muscicall Dreame ..." 1609

Robert Jones

ed. Andreas Stenberg

Cantvs

Harke, harke wot yee what, [wot yee what]

Altvs

Harke, harke wot you what, [wot you

Bassvs

Harke, wot you what.

[Lute in g]

ay faith and shall I tell

what] ay faith and shall I tell I am a -

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I am a - fraide, [I am a-fraide] to
 fraide, a - fraide, [I am a-fraide] [I am a -

Letter-based notes for keyboard accompaniment:

e	a	c	a	a	c	c	e	a	d	a	c	c
c	c	e	a	c	e	d	f	c	a	c	d	d
c	c	e	a	c	e	a	c	e	a	c	e	a

die, to die, to die a maid and then lead
 fraide] to die, to die, I am a - fraide to die a maid and so lead

Letter-based notes for keyboard accompaniment:

e	a	a	e	a	a	c	d	d	c	c	a	a	c	a	d	a	c	e
c	c	c	a	c	c	c	a	c	e	a	c	c	e	a	d	b	a	a
c	a	c	a	c	c	c	e	a	c	c	e	a	d	a	c	d	a	c

apes in hell. O it makes me sigh, sigh, [sigh, sigh,] and sob with

apes in hell. Oh it makes me sigh, sigh, [sigh, sigh,] and sob with

a	c	c	e	a	a	a	c	a	a	f	d	c	c
c	c	e	a	a	a	a	d	a	c	c	a	d	f
d	f	c	b	b	d	e	a	a	c	a	a	f	f
a	c	a	d	d	c	a	a	c	e	a	a	a	c
			a	d							a		c

in - - ward grieve, but if I can but

in - - ward grieve, but if I can but

a	a	a	c	c	e	f	d	d	d	a	a
e	a	c	e	a	e	f	f	f	f	a	a
e	a	c	e	c	c	c	d	d	d	b	b
							d	d	d	a	c

get a man, a man heele yeeld me some reliefe,

get a man, heele yeeld me some reliefe, [heelee

d a a a e e a c a d a c d a
d a a b e a a d a a a b
a c a b a a a d a b c
c d c a d a c c e a a

[heelee yeeld me some re-leife,] some re - lief.

yeeld me some releife,] heele teeld me some re - - lief.

c d c a c d a a a a
d d d a e a d a a a
a a d d a b f a d c c
e c e a a c c c a

2. O it is strange how nature works with me,
 My body is spent and I lament my own great folly,
 O it makes me sigh and powre forth flouds of teares,
 Alas poore else none but thy selfe would live, /
 having such cares
3. O now I see that fortune frownes on me
 By this good light I have beene ripe,
 O it makes me sigh and sure it will me kill,
 When I should sleepe I lie and weepe, /
 feeding on sorowes still.
4. I must confesse as maides have vertu store,
 Live honest still against our wils, /
 more fooles weare therfore:
 O it makes me sigh, yet hope doth still me good,
 For if I can but get a man, with him /
 I spend my blood.